

All that glitters by honeyvenom

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Summary:

Richie has just won his first Emmy and all he wants to do now is take his fiancé back to their hotel room and nail him into the mattress, please and thank you. So why does everyone keep getting in the way?

All that glitters

Richie will admit that winning an award feels really fucking cool. Thrilling even. Especially when it's an Emmy and you're winning it for something you exclusively wrote and performed. Suddenly you're hearing your name being called, and the lights are shining on you and you're standing on stage trying not to blubber as you list out all the people who helped you get where you are today. Your manager, your friends, and your beautiful fiancé who sits in the audience, his dimples popping from how much he's smiling up at you. It's a special moment.

But all the shit you have to do afterwards is definitively not cool. First, it's the photos. Richie standing there grinning gormlessly at all the cameras until his jaw starts to ache. And thank fuck he has the award to hold because he never knows what to do with his fucking hands in photos like this. Then it's the interviews, where he has to respond 100 million times about how delighted he is for winning, how humbled he feels to be a kid from Derry, Maine who made it big time on the comedy circuit in LA. How grateful he is for all the support from his friends and fans during his comeback from depression and his self-destructive party lifestyle yadda yadda yadda. Oh, and how does he feel to be a gay icon now? Jesus Christ.

You survive all that and then there's the after party. At least now he can spend time with his fiancé. Maybe show him off. As soon as he walks into the ballroom his eyes laser focus on Eddie across the crowd, and his heart swells. He looks beautiful tonight, dark hair sleek and glossy, designer suit moulding to his body in all the right places. Richie wonders if they can blow the party all together and go back to their swanky hotel room. If Eddie will be turned on by the fact that his fiancé is an award-winning writer and comedian now.

"Hey," Richie's manager, Todd, appears at his shoulder. "Where the hell do you think you're going?"

"Er, to see my fiancé. Is that cool with you?"

"No, Richie, we need to work the room."

"What?" Richie has never worked a room in his life and never intends to.

"As in, we need to schmooze, suck up to the big guys. There are industry legends here, the people behind some of the biggest networks and streaming platforms in the world. Netflix, Amazon, Hulu, HBO, Disney, you name it man, they're here."

"Disney? What do I look like, a fucking Disney princess? I've already won the award, why do I need to speak to them?"

"Because," Todd explains patiently, like he's a five-year-old or a retard, "you need to start thinking about winning your next award."

"Seriously, man? I haven't even had time to enjoy this one yet."

"Yeah well, we're going to work on getting you an entire cabinet full of them."

"A *cabinet*? Fuck you, dude, you bloodsucking, money-grubbing fiend."

That's how Richie spends the next two hours going from one group of people to the next, putting on a fake smile, shaking hands, receiving heartfelt congratulations, talking about what he's doing next, *oh yeah the Netflix deal is going to be sweet*, getting Todd's elbow to the ribs whenever he's slightly acerbic or impatient with anyone. It's the most face-numbingly boring experience Richie has ever had.

At least he can get increasingly tanked as the night goes on, as he takes drink after drink from the revolving train of servers that circle the room. Before he knows it, he's suitably buzzed. But he still hasn't had a chance to talk to Eddie and see how beautiful he is up close, and that's sadder than a Greek tragedy. Richie looks around for him and that's when he sees him huddled in a corner with Bill. His face darkens. Especially when he sees Eddie smile, a real smile where both dimples appear. Richie is the only one who makes him break out the dimples, damn it.

"Could you look more constipated?" Todd asks at his side.

Richie rounds on him. "Hey, did you know that Todd sounds like the

kind of name reserved for a guy who loves taking dicks to the face?"

"Seriously, dude, coming from the guy who's engaged to a man?"

"Eddie has the power to turn men completely gay, it has nothing to do with me. You'd be gay too if you saw how he looked with his clothes off."

"I don't doubt it."

"Yo, don't perv on my fiancé, asswipe."

Richie's used to swapping locker room jabs with Todd, but he knows if he wants to see Eddie any time soon, he'll need to deploy different tactics.

"Look man," he says, placing a hand on Todd's shoulder and schooling his face into something he hopes looks contrite. "We've been through a lot together over the last few years so I can be honest with you, right?"

"Er, yeah," he says, looking suspiciously at Richie.

"Well you know how there was that time in my life when I was battling a small drug habit?"

"A small habit? Richie you went on SNL with coke on your nostrils and then you went on Jimmy Kimmel high and fell off your chair."

"Okay, sure, but I'm over that now, and it's thanks to the support of wonderful people like you who've stuck by my side-

"Get to the point, Tozier."

"The point, and it's a sensitive subject really, is that I think I've just swapped one addiction for another. What I'm trying to say is I'm a sex addict now, Todd, I'm acutely and irrevocably addicted to sex."

"Okay?" Todd says, drawing out the O.

"But I'm only addicted to sex with Eddie. I know it sounds insane, but when I went back to Derry last year and met him again my dick

literally broke and I can't even get it up if I'm not with him or thinking of him."

Todd stares at him for a moment, but then his face falls apart and he starts wheezing.

"You fucking asshole," Richie says, grabbing another flute of champagne.

"Oh my fucking god, that's fantastic," Todd says, wiping the tears from his eyes. "A sex addict but only with your fiancé. That's weirdly wholesome from you, Tozier. Are you going soft?"

"Yeah, man, haven't you been fucking listening to me? I can't get hard unless I'm with Eddie. And I keep seeing him here tonight and it's making me crazy, but I can't fuck him because you won't let me. It's not my fault. It's a Pavlov's dog situation. He's Pavlov and I'm the dog."

"You can say that again."

"And I need to go fuck him before I go insane and rage through this room like some testosterone-fuelled bull, so will you let me? It's actually cruel if you don't. If I don't get a fix I could literally die."

Todd rolls his eyes, sighs. "You're released, Tozier."

"Oh, thank the good Lord," Richie yells, drawing the attention of the people around them.

"But you better call me first thing tomorrow. We need to set a date with Netflix, get shooting dates in."

"Yeah yeah, my career, making money, that's all you think about, Todd."

"Didn't you say something about fucking your fiancé? Think you might need to rescue him from Bill Denbrough first."

"Yeah, hey, what the fuck?" But Todd is disappearing into the crowd, cackling like some demon dick.

Richie is on a mission now. Mission save Eddie from Bill. He starts making his way through the dense throng, stopping every now and then when he feels a hand clapping his shoulder or gets an "oh my god, congratulations on the win, Richie!" For a split second he meets Eddie's eyes across the sea of people and fights the urge to run over to him when he feels a hand on his elbow. He's relieved when he sees it's Beverly.

"Marsh," he says, grinning, as she gives him a hug.

"Wow, check you out," she says, raising her eyebrows at his suit and hair. "Talk about a glow-up."

"I'm so glad you're here. I can't believe how many boring fucks I've had to talk to tonight."

"Oh my god, Richie," she says laughing.

"Want to get out of here for a smoke? I'm going fucking stir crazy in here."

"No can do. I have to work the room."

"Work the room. Everyone keeps saying that. I just want to go home with Eddie."

She smiles. "That's very sweet."

"But every time I see him he's with Bill. Why the fuck is he spending the whole evening with him and not me?"

"They're probably just catching up, Richie."

"Catching up, yeah, maybe Bill's face can catch up with my fist."

"Honey, remember that jealousy thing we talked about?"

Richie sucks on his teeth. "It's not becoming and I should trust Eddie when he's with other men." His face goes dark again. "Even when it's bestselling authors with million-dollar Hollywood contracts. Fuck, that asshole is after Eddie, Bev."

"He's not after Eddie, darling."

"I wouldn't put it past him. Eddie had a big crush on Bill when we were boys, you know. It was always Bill this, Bill that."

"Well, I mean, I can sympathise with that. I had a crush on him too, remember?"

"Oh yeah," Richie says dumbly, remembering that self-help book that said not everything was about him. "What was it about Bill anyway? Was it the jorts? The stutter? Was he like a lamb with a broken leg that you wanted to take in and raise on powdered milk?"

Beverly snorts lightly. "Something like that. Anyway, out of the two of you, you grew up to be the hot one," she says, winking.

"Hell yeah, I did. And Eddie's my fiancé. Did I tell you that, Bev? I asked him to marry me and he said yes!"

"Only 54 times, sweetie."

"He cried, you know. I got down on my knee and he thought I was joking, like I was going to pretend to propose and was actually just tying my shoelace or something. But then I got the ring out and he burst into tears."

"I think this is the kind of thing Eddie would kill you for telling me."

"You're probably right. What a way to go though. I hope he kills me by choking my with his thighs."

Beverly starts laughing and they giggle together like when they were kids.

"Look, don't tell Eddie anything," she says, coming closer, "but I'm going to ask him to model some of the menswear collection I'm working on."

"Oh my god."

"I know, right! He'd be perfect for it, he's so pretty."

"He really would," Richie says, brain ablaze with all the possibilities. "And he knows how to model already. I mean, you should see the nudes he sends me. They're fucking gorgeous, not like those skanky ones that get leaked sometimes. His have real artistry."

"His nudes?" Beverly's hands fly to her mouth as she starts giggling again.

Richie fumbles to get his phone out of his pocket. "Really, you should check them out, there are these black and white ones that broke my brain-"

Beverly stops him before he can show her. "No, honey, it's okay, really. I can, erm, use the power of my imagination."

That's when they're interrupted by Beverly's personal assistant, who tells her that a reporter from Variety is asking if she can speak to her about her upcoming appearance at Milan Fashion Week.

Beverly apologises as she gives Richie a kiss, but he waves her off. "Don't worry about it, I want to go see Eddie anyway."

He starts making his way through the crowd again, but when he gets to the corner of the room where he last saw Eddie, he's gone. Shit.

"Looking for someone?" he hears a voice say. He turns to see Stan leaning against a pillar, sipping from a glass of red wine.

"Yeah, your wife. Heard she's been pretty sexually frustrated since she met you."

"Hilarious. If you're looking for Eddie, he's gone to the bathroom."

"What are you doing skulking over here by yourself?"

"I had an alert on my phone about a new species of bird that was discovered in West Africa."

Richie snorts. "Sure. When you see Eddie can you tell him to come find me? I need to rescue him from this place. He is baby after all."

Stan squints at him. "Baby?"

"Yeah, man. Baby. Eddie is baby! Dude, it's a fucking meme? Do you ever go on the internet?"

"Is this one of those gay slang things? Like twinkie?"

"It's twink, and you know you're not supposed to say the T-word in front of Eddie. He gets very upset when the press call him that."

Stan's mouth quivers, and Richie can tell he's trying not to laugh. "I suppose I can prioritise Eddie's feelings at this trying time."

"Yeah, you better. Because-"

"He's baby, I got it. How much have you had to drink?"

"I'm staying hydrated, Stan."

"Er, you know that alcohol doesn't hydrate you, right? It actually dehydrates you. I have no idea how you made it through high school."

"Yeah, nerd. But I'm the one with the Emmy in my hand, fucker." He waves it at Stan and almost drops it. "Crap," he says, grappling with it.

Stan huffs with laughter but doesn't try to help. Asshole. "I've actually been nominated for an award for my nature photography," he says.

"Oh yeah?" Richie says, when he's sure he has a solid grip on his award. Thing is fucking heavy and the guys at the front desk wouldn't let him put it in the cloakroom. "Nature photography, as in you take selfies while you're taking a shit in the woods?"

Stan shakes his head. "You are something else, Tozier. Though I guess winning an Emmy makes you a bit more interesting."

"Keep talking to me like that and you won't be invited to the wedding."

"Eddie already sent Patty and I the invite."

"Really? Well fuck."

"They were beautiful invitations too. Thick paper, cursive, an embossed gold and teal stamp. Very elegant. So I knew it had nothing to do with you."

"That's what he's been spending my money on? Fuck, that gold-digging slut."

"Erm, should you be talking about your fiancé like that?"

"I'll talk about him however I want. I don't comment on the fact that you can only get it up when you go to bed with your wife when there's a David Attenborough documentary on in the background."

"And this, ladies and gentleman, is apparently the funniest man of the year," Stan says to an imaginary audience.

"As titillating as this has been, Stanley - get it, tit is a bird you like, right? - as NSYNC said at the height of their fame, bye bye bye."

He turns to leave while Stan's chuckling into his glass, and comes face to face with Bill fucking Denbrough.

"Hey, man," Bill says with a bright grin on his face. "I wanted to come over and say how happy I am for you. Congratulations, you-"

"Where is he?"

"Er, who?"

"Who do you think? My fiancé, Denbrough. The beautiful brunette you've been cosying up to all evening."

"We were just catching up, Richie. I haven't seen him since Derry last year and I wanted to see how he was, that's all."

"No, actually, it's good you came over. Because there's something important I need to talk to you about."

"Here we go," he hears Stan mutter behind them. "Where's the popcorn when you need it?"

"And what's that, Richie?" Bill asks mildly.

Richie points a finger in Bill's face. "Get your own piece of strawberry shortcake."

"What?" He looks at Stan over Richie's shoulder, who just rolls his eyes and mouths EDDIE at him.

"You call Eddie shortcake?"

"He's short and sweet, yeah, Bill, keep the fuck up. And I didn't save him from that motherfucking baby-eating space clown and help him overcome an entire 40-year phobia of being gay and having sex with men for nothing, so get your own Eddie Kaspbrak. Soon to be Eddie Tozier. Yeah, asshole, he's taking my last name, and no, not because it's fucking hilarious that his initials will now be E.T. It's because he's mine."

"Dude, I'm not-"

"Don't even with me, and stop pretending like your stutter is coming back just so you have an excuse to invite him over to help you with your dumbass vocal exercises. That didn't fool me then and it doesn't fool me now. Eddie is just too nice to see through you."

Bill looks shocked, but his eyes shine with good humour. "You know I'm a happily married man, right?"

"Are you laughing at me, dickwad?"

That's when an arm is slung around his shoulders, and someone starts firmly leading him away from Bill.

"Hey man," Mike says warmly. "How's it going? Feeling a bit het up this evening?"

"Mike, dude, thank god you're here. Can you believe that asshole? Trying to mack on my man?"

"Unforgivable," Mike agrees, patting him on the shoulder.

"Totally. Thank god someone around here can see sense."

Richie spies a waitress with a tray of drinks and makes a beeline for

her. Mike grabs Richie by the shoulder, laughing.

"Whoa, my man, think you might have had enough?"

"Hey, I might be a recovering cocaine addict but I've never had a problem with alcohol. So drop the kid gloves."

Mike raises his hands in surrender, chuckling as Richie brings back two glasses of champagne. He makes a face as Richie downs his own in one go.

"Tell me about Miami, dude," he says to Mike, who's sipping from his champagne much more responsibly.

"It's amazing, Richie. The beach, the architecture, the art museums they have down there. I went to the library for the first time and-

"Sure, uh huh. You're an extremely dull bastard, check mark. Met any hot babes?"

"Diplomatic as always."

"If you're not going to give me the juicy details I don't really care, no offence. I mean, I feel sorry you were in Derry for so long. Like truly, genuinely hurt on your behalf. It was never babe central. I never took the time to ask, but you didn't develop an unhealthy porn addiction did you?"

Mike laughs, "No, man, no porn addictions."

"Okay, because it would be fine if you did. Nothing to be ashamed of, but I've heard it damages your views on women. Plus, carpal tunnel."

"Nah, all good."

"So tell me about the pussy. I might be exclusively fucking one gorgeous dude now with a banging body, but I can still appreciate the female form."

"Nothing new to report, but I'll be sure to let you know," Mike says chuckling.

"Yeah, do, just don't tell Eddie. He's always calling me a sex pest for some reason."

"I have no idea why."

"Neither do I. It's a good thing he's so good at cleaning the house and sitting on my dick, or I wouldn't keep him around."

Mike chokes on his champagne.

"That and I'm really fucking in love with him. Hey, did I tell you about how I proposed?"

"Only 54 times."

"And how he thought I was just tying my shoelace?"

"Yep."

"Shit."

"Hey, it's a good story, man. I especially like the bit where he cried."

"I was fucking crying too. Crying all the way home at how much the thing cost. Thought I was going to have an actual aneurysm at the jewellers. I saw a lot of other pained-looking dudes there. Maybe we should start a support group for guys being sucked dry by their to-be spouses."

Mike tactfully ignores that. "The wedding's going to be amazing, I bet. Have you chosen a venue?"

Richie waves his hand. "You gotta ask him. He's looking after venues and caterers and the cake and all that. All I need to do is turn up apparently."

"Probably wise. I haven't had a chance to speak to him yet. Though I think I saw him over by the canapés."

"Shit, really? I've been trying to see him all evening. Do you mind if I go find him?"

"Not at all. It's really good to see you, man. Let's catch up again while I'm here."

"Of course, and thanks so much for coming, Mike. It means a lot."

They hug briefly, and then Richie is pushing through the crowd again, in the direction he thinks the canapés are. It makes sense. Eddie was a total floozy for shrimp puffs now that he knew he wasn't allergic to shellfish. Richie feels determined, rudely pushing through groups of people without stopping to say hi. And that's when he sees Eddie, talking to a blonde woman and looking uncomfortable, a pained little frown on his face.

Richie speeds up, except that's when Handsome Haystack gets in his way, completely blocking his view of Eddie.

"Richie, hey," Ben slurs, pawing awkwardly at his shoulder. And it's possible that somehow Ben is even drunker than he is.

"Hey Ben, good to see you, man. Thanks for coming tonight."

"I've been meaning to talk to you all evening. I wanted to say how happy I am for you, Richie. Winning an Emmy is incredible."

"Thanks, dude, appreciate that," he says, looking over Ben's shoulder to keep Eddie in his eyeline.

"I mean, look at the two of us. From zeros to heroes, right?"

"I suppose so, man."

"Like, hear me out. We both followed our dreams after we left Derry, no matter how many times people told us we should get our heads out of the clouds and do something serious or told us we were too fat to ever get the girl-"

"Okay? Think you're projecting a bit there, buddy."

"And now we're acclaimed, award-winning names in our industries for how hard we've worked. Can you believe it?"

"It's fucking fantastic, dude, I'm with you, but I just need to-"

"And even better than that, we're finally with the people we love. And we're- we're marrying them."

Ben starts crying then, eyes clenched shut as fat tears spill down his face. Richie sighs. Ben had always been sensitive, which was sweet and what they all loved about him, but he really doesn't have time for this.

"Look, Ben," he says, grabbing Ben by the shoulders and looking him in the eye. "I've been out here for fricking hours, having pictures done, talking to the press, kissing up to actors. But what I really want is to go back to the hotel and nail my fiancé through the mattress. And I think he's going to let me do some nasty shit to him now that I've won this," he waves the award near Ben's head. "So I'd really appreciate if you could get out the way."

That slows some of Ben's tears. "I don't want to know about any nasty shit, Richie."

"No, you really don't."

"When I make love to Beverly, it's the most magical thing," he says, eyes going hazy again. "It's like nothing I've ever felt before. Her hair is like the tail of a phoenix, her skin like the smoothest alabaster. I feel so grateful to be with her every moment of the day."

"Oh Jesus, stick to the embers poem, dude."

He spies Beverly through the crowd and whistles at her. "Marsh," he calls. "Come retrieve your fiancé, please."

He turns back to Ben as Bev makes her way over to them. "Like I said, great to see you, Ben. Let's all meet up soon and have a barbecue or whatever normal, boring couples do-" He's suddenly enveloped in a rib-crushing hug, Ben's arms as hard as steel around him.

"Holy shit, okay, He-Man," he chokes when Ben finally lets go. "Can you go and give Bill a couple of those? Like, really make it hurt."

"I'm also really honoured that you've asked me to organise your bachelor party, Richie."

"Oh yeah, don't sweat it. Just make sure there aren't any strippers. Eddie would freak."

Shock doesn't even begin to cover the emotion that flashes across Ben's face. "Richie, I would never! I would never, ever disgrace Eddie's trust in you like that. I wouldn't consider hiring strippers of any kind, I promise."

"Jesus, dude, relax, I was kidding."

Ben's face crumples, eyes faraway and misty. "You and Eddie have a really special love."

"That we do, and one I'd like to share with him again if at all possible tonight."

"I remember when we were children, how much you adored him. How precious he was to you. Like that time he was explaining about all the types of bacterial infections you can contract from dirty river water and you got an erection-

"Er, can you never mention that again? Especially in front of Eddie because he will fucking roast me. Anyway, I really need to go see him now. I've missed him all evening. I'm sure a sensitive hunk like you can understand that."

"Yes, of course," Ben says, wiping his eyes with the back of his hand. "Please tell Eddie that we got the wedding invite and that the colour scheme is very elegant. And if he needs any recommendations for venues, I have contacts at some of America's most beautiful hotels."

"Sure, man, I'll be sure to tell him." He pats Ben on the back and makes his way over to Eddie, relieved to find him still in the same spot.

He's alone now, and leaning against the wall behind him, sipping a sparkling water with what looks like a sprig of mint in it. He's so beautiful that Richie suddenly feels faint. Winning an award was great but how did he get so lucky to be with the most stunning person in the room?

"Hey you," he says softly as Richie approaches. "Congratulations on

your award."

"Thanks," Richie says, suddenly not knowing what to say. He always feels breathless when he's around Eddie. Even after 18 months of dating.

"You look really handsome tonight," Eddie says, taking Richie in from his head to his toes. Richie was wearing contacts tonight and had an actual suit that fit. Eddie flushes and how he can look that sweet when Richie's had his dick inside him multiple ways he doesn't know.

"Thank you. You look beautiful. I mean, in a masculine bro kind of way of course."

Eddie dips his head, a shy dimple emerging. "Thanks."

"Who was that woman talking to you earlier?"

"Oh, a reporter. And I had no idea until she started asking me really personal questions."

"Did you tell her you were my trophy boyfriend who likes to spend all my money?"

"No, asshole, I told her that you're a huge slob who leaves his wet towel on the bathroom floor, even though I repeatedly ask him not to. And I'm only spending your money because we're decorating our house. We can't all live in what looks like a dank dormitory when we're in our 40s."

The angry little look on Eddie's face makes Richie feel even drunker than the booze.

"You're so gorgeous," he blurts.

Eddie goes pink. "Thank you."

"And I'm so fucking lucky you're mine. I can't believe I get to spend the rest of my life with you. Wake up to you every morning, kiss you, hear you yapping in my ear about forgetting to buy soy milk on the way home. I mean, you're a weirdo. Like who the hell makes their own pizza from scratch when I have 12 different pizza places within

10 minutes of the house? And why would you put kale on it?"

"Homemade pizza is much healthier, Richie—"

"And why the hell would you want pizza to be healthy? It's nuts, you're crazy. But it's fucking delicious, and I love when you make those dessert pizzas where you drizzle honey on it. Holy fuck, it's like heaven in my mouth and that's saying something when I've had my tongue in your—"

"Jesus, Richie! I get it, you like my dessert pizza. Anyway, I'm happy to be with you too, you know I am."

Richie glows, making Eddie roll his eyes.

"What was that woman asking you anyway?"

"Like stuff about our relationship. Some really intimate details, about who does what to whom."

"Moron," Richie scoffs. "Hasn't she read the interview I did with GQ? I already said you're my bottom."

"What?"

"Babe, do we need to go over the gay glossary again?"

"Oh my god, Richie, why would you say that?"

"Baby, it's cool, being a bottom is totally in fashion. It means you have layers, you're interesting. Tops are lame and one-dimensional."

"Well, I don't even know why she wanted to talk to me. You're the amazing, famous one. I'm just me."

"Yeah but you is incredible. Everyone knows that. And you look so fucking good tonight."

"Stop it, come on."

"No, seriously. I've been sporting a half chub for two hours now. Like I wonder if you can die from a perpetual state of half arousal."

Eddie takes a sip from his drink. "So romantic."

"People would kill to be with you. But I've beaten them to that. Killed Bowers for you didn't I?"

"Richie," Eddie hisses, looking around.

"It's cool, no one believes me anyway. Told the head of YouTube that I killed a guy for you once and he found it fucking hilarious."

"Oh my god, Richie, you maniac."

"If they do ever find out though, and I have to go to prison for first-degree murder, will you still want to be with me? Like, will you come visit me in prison and blow me through the bars?"

Eddie smiles fondly. "I guess it's the least I can do."

"Phew. Shit, this thing is fucking heavy," he says, lifting the award. "They don't tell you that before you get it. Been carrying it around all night. This arm is going to be fucking jacked by the time we get home."

"Where do you want to put it?"

"Don't know. Maybe on the mantel where you still have your third-grade award for shiniest shoes."

Eddie laughs, all dimple and shining eyes, before going quiet.

"You know it doesn't make any difference, right?" he says after a moment. "The award. Like I'm so happy for you and you completely deserve it, but it doesn't make any difference to how I feel about you. If you'd lost or hadn't been nominated in the first place, I'd still love you just as much."

Richie feels like he's been hit right in the heart. He swallows. "I think we should go back to the hotel and fuck."

Eddie blinks at him, surprised. "Are you even sober enough for that right now?"

"I can go to the bathroom and do a tactical vom."

"A what?"

"It's where you make yourself puke to sober up."

"You want to fuck me after you've just made yourself *vomit*? Oh my god, Richie. Remind me why I'm marrying you?"

"Because you quote on quote said you couldn't live without me."

"Oh yeah, that I guess."

"And you love my cock so much you did all that research about giving the perfect blow job."

"Which is also very private!"

"And even if I can't fuck you tonight, we could do other things. Maybe I could fuck you with the champagne bottle we have in the room. Just lube you up and push it inside you. However hard or as fast as I want. And I think you'll let me, won't you, baby?"

Eddie sucks in a breath, cheeks going even pinker. He'll never admit it, but he loves when Richie talks to him like this.

"And maybe tomorrow morning when I need to have that Skype meeting with Netflix, I'll leave you in the bedroom with it inside you. Keep you fucked open for me for as long as the call takes. And then when I'm ready, I'll come back in and replace it with my dick."

Eddie swallows and casts his eyes downwards. He nibbles on his bottom lip as he looks at Richie through his eyelashes.

"What about the shrimp?"

"Fuck the shrimp. I'll tell the hotel kitchen to make you all the shrimp you want."

Eddie trembles. Another thing he'd never admit is how much Richie's wealth turns him on.

"Do you want to say goodbye to the others?"

"Fuck no. I was cornered by all of them tonight. Just now by Ben, who was drunkenly sobbing about the honour of planning my bachelor party."

Eddie gives him a sharp look. "No strippers I hope?"

"Hell no, I told him that the strippers and blow are all in my past."

"Very kind of you," Eddie responds drily.

"Honestly, baby, I would never do coke again. Even if I got to snort it from your beautiful butt."

"Oh my fucking god," Eddie says, burying his face in his hands. "Let's get out of here then."

After they've got their coats and are outside, Richie calls an Uber on his phone, an arm around Eddie's waist as Eddie holds the award for him.

"Richie?" Eddie says quietly.

"Yes, babe?"

"I'll make you a dessert pizza when we get home tomorrow."

Richie smiles, feeling so happy he could die from it. "This is why I'm marrying you," he says.

They kiss for the first time that evening. It's only brief - there are paparazzi lurking around after all - but it could be one of the sweetest fucking kisses they've ever shared. Eddie snuggles up against him as they wait for the car.

"Hey, by the way, I'm not supposed to say anything but Bev wants you to model for her."

"She what?"

"Yeah, and I said I'd send her some of your nudes for her to look at

first."

"You did what?!"

Author's Note:

Inspired by those pics of Bill Hader at this year's Emmys.

Come say hello on Tumblr at [shortcake-kaspbrak!](http://shortcake-kaspbrak.tumblr.com)